THE RESURRECTION: A POEM.

Written by Mr. ADDISON.

Venient citò Sæcula, cum jam
Socius Calor ossa revisat,
Animataque Sanguine vivo
Habitacula prisina gestet. Prud.

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JOHN
JOHNSON

THE PREFACE.

THE following Lines are esteemed by the best Judges, to be the finest Sketch of the *Resurrection*, that any Age or Language hath produced: Nor do their only Excellence consist in being an

accurate *Poem*; but alſo in being an exact Copy of the Painter's *Original upon the *Altar* in *Magdalen* College; but ſo much improved with all the ſtrongeſt Figures and moſt lively Embelliſhments of a Poetical Deſcription, that the *Reader* receives a double Satisfaction in ſeeing the two Siſter-Arts ſo uſeful to each other in borrowing mutual Helps, and mutual Advantages.

It is, indeed, wonderful to find in the narrow Compaſs of ſo few Pages all the moſt dreadful Circumſtances of that laſt terrible Criſis of Time: The *Poem* is a beau-

* *Old* Fuller.

beautiful and ſuccinct *Epitome* of all that hath or can ever be ſaid on that important Subject; the very Text, which the ingenious Mr. *Young* hath ſo largely and elegantly paraphras'd upon, in his excellent Poem on the LAST DAY.

Mr. *Addiſon* is to be diſtinguiſh'd thro' all his Performances both *Latin* and *Engliſh*, (and in his *Latin*, particularly in the following one, and that on the Peace of *Reſwick*,) by the ſtrength of his Images, and by a forcible and unaffected vivacity of Expreſſion, which none of our Moderns have attain'd to in ſo much Perfection; and

and which is very rarely to be met with even in any of the Antients ſince *Virgil* and *Horace*.

Having mention'd Mr. *Addiſon*, I cannot avoid congratulating my Country on his Preferment to one of her greateſt Civil Employments; nor forbear obſerving how happy we are in a KING, who hath ſhown the World that he will diſtribute his Favours amongſt thoſe only, whom Merit and Virtue ſhall recommend to his Service.

With what uncommon Luſtre muſt that Man appear to Poſterity, who is not only the beſt Writer

ter and moſt candid Patron of the Age he lives in; but alſo the fineſt Gentleman, the ſincereſt Friend, the moſt affectionate Husband, the moſt accompliſh'd Stateſman, and the moſt exemplary Chriſtian? Under every one of theſe Views Mr. *Addiſon* gains the Eſteem and Admiration even of the bittereſt Enemies to that Cauſe which he ſo warmly eſpouſes; of the moſt furious Partiſans and the moſt prejudic'd of Mankind.

I muſt forbear to enlarge any farther on the Character of that truly great and good Man, leſt I draw upon my ſelf the imputation

on of a Flatterer, by relating what all the World (except himſelf only) will allow to be the ſevereſt Truth.

I ſhall make no excuſe for offering the following Poem to the World in an *Engliſh* DRESS, and under all the Diſadvantages of an imperfect Tranſlation. I have often read it in the Original with the greateſt Pleaſure and Satisfaction; and I hope it will need no Apology to be willing to communicate ſo uſeful and ſublime an Entertainment, in the beſt manner I can, to thoſe of my Fellow-Subjects who are not qualify'd to read it in the *Latin* Original.

RESUR-

RESURRECTIO
DELINEATA
Ad Altare Col. Magd. Oxon.

EGregios fuci tractus, calamique labores,
Surgenteſque hominum formas, ardentiaque ora
Judicis, & ſimulacra modis pallentia miris
Terribilem viſu pompam, Tu Carmine Muſa
Pande novo, vatique ſacros accende furores.
Olim Planitiem (quam nunc fœcunda Colorum
Inſignit Pictura) inhoneſto & ſimplice cultu
Veſtiit albedo, ſed nè rima ulla priorem
Agnoſcat faciem, mox fundamenta futuræ
Subſtravit Pictor tabulæ, humoremque ſequacem
Per muros traxit; velamine mœnia craſſo
Squallent obducta, & rudioribus illita ſucis.
Utque (polo nondum ſtellis fulgentibus apto)
Nè ſpatio moles immenſa dehiſcat inani,
Per cava cœlorum, & convexa patentia latè
Hinc atque hinc interfuſus fluitaverat Æther;
Mox radiante novum torrebat lumine mundum
Titan, & pallens alienos mitiùs ignes
Cynthia vibrabat; crebris nunc conſitus aſtris

Scintillare polus, nunc fulgor Lacteus omne
Diffigere in Cœlum, longoque albescere tractu.
Sic, operis postquam lusit primordia Pictor,
Dum sordet paries, nullumque fatetur Apellem,
Cautius exercet calamos, atque arte tenacem
Confundit viscum, succosque attemperat, omnes
Inducit tandem formas; apparet ubique
Muta cohors, & Picturarum vulgus inane.
Algeris muri vacat ora suprema Ministris,
Sparsaque per totam Cœlestis turba Tabellam
Raucos inspirat lituos, buccasque tumentes
Inflat, & attonitum replet clangoribus orbem.
Defunctis sonus auditur, tabulamque per imam
Picta gravescit humus, terris emergit apertis
Progenies rediviva, & plurima surgit imago.
Sic, dum fœcundis *Cadmus* dat semina sulcis,
Terra tumet prægnans, animataque gleba laborat,
Luxuriatur ager segete spirante, calescit
Omne solum, crescitque virorum prodiga messis.
Jam pulvis varias terræ disperſa per oras,
Sive inter venas teneri concreta metalli,
Sensim diriguit, seu sese immiscuit herbis,
Explicita est; molem rursùs coalescit in unam
Divisum funus, sparsos prior alligat artus
Junctura, aptanturque iterum coeuntia membra.
Hic nondum specie perfecta resurgit imago,
Vultum truncata, atque inhonesto vulnere nares
Manca, & adhuc deest informi de Corpore multum.
Paulatim in rigidum hic vita insinuata cadaver
Motu ægro vix dum redivivos erigit artus,
Inficit his horror vultus, & imagine tota
Fusa per attonitam pallet formido figuram.
Detrahe quin oculos Spectator, & ora nitentem
Si poterint perferre diem, medium inspice murum,

Qua

Qua ſedet orta Deo proles, Deus ipſe, ſereno
Lumine perfuſus, radiiſque inſperſus acutis.
Circùm tranquillæ funduntur tempora flammæ,
Regius ore vigor ſpirat, nitet Ignis ocellis,
Plurimaque effulget Majeſtas Numine toto.
Quantùm diſſimilis, quantum o! mutatus ab illo,
Qui peccata luit cruciatus non ſua, vitam
Quando luctantem cunctata morte trahebat!
Sed fruſtrà voluit defunctum Golgotha numen
Condere, dum victa fatorum lege triumphans
Nativum petiit cœlum, & ſuper æthera vectus
Deſpexit Lunam exiguam, Solemque minorem.
Jam latus effoſſum, & palmas oſtendit utraſque,
Vulnuſque infixum pede, clavorumque recepta
Signa, & tranſacti quondam veſtigia ferri.
Umbræ huc felices tendunt, numeroſaque cœlos
Turba petunt, atque immortalia dona capeſſunt.
Matres, & longæ nunc reddita Corpora vitæ
Infantum, Juvenes, Pueri, innuptæque Puellæ
Stant circum, atque avidos jubar immortale bibentes
Affigunt oculos in Numine; Laudibus æther
Intonat, & læto ridet Cœlum omne triumpho.
His Amor impatiens conceptaque gaudia mentem
Funditus exagitant, imoque in pectore fervent.
Non æquè exultat flagranti corde *Sibylla*,
Hoſpite cum tumet incluſo, & præcordia ſentit
Mota Dei ſtimulis, nimioque calentia Phœbo.
Quis tamen ille novus perſtringit lumina fulgor?
Quam Mitra effigiem diſtinxit Pictor, honeſto
Surgentem è tumulo, Alatoque Satellite fultam?
Agnoſco faciem, vultu latet alter in illo
Wainfletus, ſic ille oculos, ſic ora ferebat;
Eheu quando animi par invenietur Imago!
Quando alium ſimilem virtus habitura! ----

Irati

Irati innocuas ſecurus Numinis iras
Aſpicit, impavidoſque in Judice figit ocellos.
Quin age, & horrentem commixtis Igne tenebris
Jam videas ſcenam, multo hic ſtagnantia fuco
Mœnia flagrantem liqueſacto Sulphure rivum
Fingunt, & falſus tanta arte accenditur Ignis,
Ut toti metuas tabulæ, ne flamma per omne
Livida ſerpat opus, tenueſque abſumpta recedat
Pictura in cineres, propriis peritura favillis.
Huc turba infelix agitur, turpiſque videri
Infrendet dentes, & rugis contrahit ora.
Vindex à tergo implacabile ſævit, & enſem
Fulmineum vibrans acie flagrante ſceleſtos
Jam Paradiſeis iterum depellit ab oris.
Heu! quid agat triſtis? quò ſe cœleſtibus iris
Subtrahat? o! quantum vellet nunc æthere in alto
Virtutem colere! at tandem ſuſpiria ducit
Nequicquam, & ſero in lacrymas effunditur; obſtant
Sortes non revocandæ, & inexorabile Numen.
Quàm varias aperit veneres Pictura! periti
Quot calami legimus veſtigia! quanta colorum
Gratia ſe profert! tales non diſcolor Iris
Oſtendat, vario cum lumine floridus imber
Rore nitet toto, & gutta ſcintillat in omni.
O fuci nitor, o pulchri durate Colores!
Nec, Pictura, tuæ langueſcat gloria formæ,
Dum lucem videas, qualem exprimis ipſa, ſupremam.

Jo. Addiſon, è Coll. Magd. 1699.

THE

THE RESURRECTION A POEM.

THE Pencil's glowing Lines and vaſt Command,
And Mankind riſing from the Painter's Hand,
The awful Judge array'd in beamy Light,
And Spectres trembling at the dreadful ſight,

To ſing, O! Muſe, the pious Bard inſpire,
And waken in his Breaſt the Sacred Fire.

The hallow'd Field, a bare white Wall of late,
Now cloath'd in gaudy Colours, ſhines in State;
And leſt ſome little Interval confeſs
It's ancient ſimple Form, and homely Dreſs,
The skilful Artiſt laid o'er every Part,
The firſt Foundation of his future Art,
O'er the wide Frame his ductile Colours led,
And with ſtrong Primings, all the Wall o'erſpread.

As e'er yon ſpangling Orbs were hung on high,
Leſt one great Blank ſhould yawn thro' boundleſs Sky,
Thro' the wide heavenly Arch, and trackleſs Road
In Azure volumes the pure *Æther* flow'd;

The

The *Sun* at length burns out, intenſely bright,
And the pale *Creſcent* ſheds her borrow'd Light;
With thick-ſown Stars the radiant *Pole* is crown'd,
Of milky Glories a long Tract is found,
O'erflows, and whitens all the Heav'ns around.

So when the Groundwork of the Piece was laid,
Nor yet the Painter had his Art diſplay'd,
With ſlower Hand, and Pencil more divine
He blends each Colour, heightens ev'ry Line,
Till various Forms the breathing Picture wears,
And a mute *Groupè* of Images appears.

Celeſtial Guards the topmoſt height attend,
And Crouds of Angels o'er the Wall deſcend;

With their big Cheeks the deaf'ning Clarions wind,
Whoſe dreadful Clangors ſtartle all Mankind;
Ev'n the Dead hear; the Lab'ring Graves Conceive,
And the ſwoln Clod in Picture ſeems to heave:
Ten thouſand Worlds revive to better Skies,
And from their Tombs the thronging Coarſes riſe.

So when fam'd *Cadmus* ſow'd the fruitful Field,
With pregnant Throws the quicken'd Furrow ſwell'd;
From the warm Soil ſprung up a warlike Train,
And Human harveſts cover'd all the Plain.

And now from ev'ry Corner of the Earth
The ſcatter'd Duſt is call'd to ſecond Birth;
Whether in Mines it form'd the rip'ning Maſs,
Or humbly mix'd, and flouriſh'd in the Graſs:
The ſever'd Body now unites agen,
And kindred Atoms rally into Men;
The various Joynts reſume their ancient Seats,
And ev'ry Limb its former Task repeats.
Here an imperfect Form returns to Light,
Not half renew'd, diſhoneſt to the Sight;
Maim'd of his Noſe appears his blotted Face,
And ſcarce the Image of a Man we trace:
Here by Degrees infus'd, the vital Ray
Gives the firſt Motion to the panting Clay:
Slow to new Life the thawing Fluids creep,
And the ſtiff Joints wake heavily from Sleep.

Here on the guilty Brow pale Horrors glare,
And all the Figure labours with *Deſpair.*

From Scenes like theſe now turn thy wond'ring Sight,
And, if thou can'ſt withſtand ſuch Floods of Light,
Look! where thy SAVIOUR fills the middle Space,
The SON of GOD, true Image of his Face,
Himſelf eternal GOD, e'er Time began her Race.
See! what mild Beams their gracious Influence ſhed,
And how the pointed Radiance crowns his Head!
Around his Temples lambent Glories ſhine,
And on his Brow ſits Majeſty Divine;

His Eye-balls lighten with Celeſtial Fires,
And ev'ry Grace to Speak the God conſpires.

But ah! how chang'd, ah! how unlike the ſame
From Him, who patient wore the Mortal Frame;
Who thro' a Scene of Woes drew painful Breath,
And ſtruggled with a ſad, ſlow, long-drawn Death:
Who gave on *Golgotha* the dreadful Groan,
Bearer of other's Sins, and Suff'rings not his own.
But Death and Hell ſubdu'd, the Deity
Aſcends Triumphant to his native Sky;
And riſing far above th' Æthereal Height,
The Sun and Moon diminiſh to his Sight.

And now to View he bare'd his bleeding ſide,
And his pierc'd Hands and Feet, in Crimſon dy'd;

Still did the Nails the recent Scars reveal,
And bloody Tracks of the tranſfixing Steel.
Hither in Crouds the *Bleſſed* ſhape their Flight,
And throng the Manſions of Immortal Light;
The menial *Twelve* * an ever-faithful Band,
Around their *Maſter* ſit on either Hand;
Each *Martyr-Saint* in Glory ſhines confeſt,
Immortal Pleaſures ruſhing to his Breaſt;
Sees Worlds up-riſing from the ſilent Tomb
To final Judgment and eternal Doom;
They mark each fatal Word, each dreadful Nod;
And bleſs the Righteous Sentence of their GOD.

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* The *Apoſtles*, as thus deſcrib'd, are painted on the *Altar*, tho' not mention'd in Mr. *Addiſon*'s Poem.

The

The fruitful Matron and the ſpotleſs Maid,
And Infants, with a longer Life repaid,
Stand round; and drinking in Celeſtial Rays,
On their REDEEMER fix with ardent Gaze,
And all the Heav'ns reſound with Hymns of Praiſe.
Each Boſom Kindles with Seraphic Joy,
And conſcious Raptures all the Soul employ.
Not equal Raptures ſwell the *Sybil*'s Breaſt,
When by the inmate Deity poſſeſs'd;
When *Phœbus* the Prophetic Maid inſpires,
And her Limbs tremble with convulſive Fires.

But whence this ſudden Blaze of dazling Light!
What Mitred Brow is that, which greets my Sight?

Forth from a ſtately Tomb I ſee him Riſe,
And mount with Guards of Angels to the Skies.
I know the Form---- alike the Look and Mien,
Another * WAINFLET in his Face is ſeen:
When will, alas! ſuch ſpotleſs Worth be found?
When will a Mind with equal Virtues crown'd?
Fearleſs he ſees Almighty Vengeance riſe,
And fixes on his GOD his guiltleſs Eyes.

But now far different Scenes our Wonder claim,
Horrent with Darkneſs and Malignant Flame;

---

* *William Wainflet*, Biſhop of *Wincheſter*. He was the Founder of *Magdalen College*, and the *Hall* adjoining.

The

The labour'd Wall deluſive Picture hides
And liquid Sulphur rolls in burning Tides;
So Strong, ſo fierce, the painted Flames ariſe,
The pale Spectator views them with ſurprize;
Believes the blazing Wall indeed to burn,
And fears the Frame ſhould into Aſhes turn.
Hither in ghaſtly Crouds the Guilty haſte,
Obſcene with Horrour and with ſhame defac'd;
With haggard Looks the gloomy Fiends appear,
They gnaſh their foamy Teeth, and frown ſevere.
A ſtern *Avenger*, with relentleſs Mind,
Waving a flamy Faulchion, ſtalks behind;
With which, as once from Paradiſe he drove,
He drives the Sinner from the Joys above.

What ſhall he do forlorn? or whither fly,
To ſhun the Ken of an All-ſeeing Eye?
What would he give amongſt the Juſt to ſhine,
And fall before Omnipotence Divine?
But oh! too late in Sighs he vents his Woe,
Too late his Eyes with guſhing Tears o'erflow!
Vain are his Sighs and fruitleſs are his Tears,
Vengeance and Juſtice ſtop th' *Almighty*'s Ears.

See! with what various Charms the Piece is fraught,
And with what pregnant Marks of Judgment wrought!
With how much Grace the living Colours glow!
Not brighter Colours paint the watry Bow;

When

When the freſh Show'rs her various Luſtre
ſhare,
And ev'ry Drop with Spangles decks the Air.

O! may the Painter's Labours never fade,
Nor waſteful Time their ſhining Charms invade,
No envious Darkneſs ſhade the beauteous Tints,
Till the Piece ſees, the LAST GREAT-DAY it
Paints.

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